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CHRYSEID

Will McCourtie

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CHRYSEID
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

WILL McCOURTIE

BOSTON
Richard G. Badger
The Gorham Press
1904

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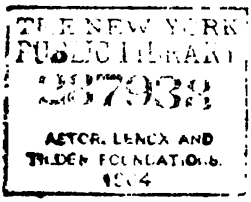

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To My Mother — My Book

28 MAY, 1904

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CHRYSEID

An Imploration whispered to Love's ear.

" —The moon shines bright: — In such a night
as this,
" When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
" And they did make no noise,—in such a night
" Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls
" And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
" Where Cressid lay that night."

—*The Merchant of Venice.*

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CONTENTS

Chryseid and Other Poems.

Chryseid 9
Julian 12
Lotis 16
Carlotta 18
Isabella 18
Love the Highwayman . . . 19
Dreams 20
Foundation 21

Sonnets.

Sargent Hall 25
Springfield 26
Westport 27
Lake Champlain 28
Midsummer-Night's Dream . . 29
The Book of Living Love . . 30
Your Voice 31

Parallels.

Parallels 35
On a Fine Day 36
On That Day 37
Triolets 38
In the Dimness 39
Sweetheart 39
While Love Is Here . . . 40
Serenade 41
Song 42
A Toast 42
The Lake 43
Song of the Lake 44
Moonlight 45
Longing 46

Digitized by Google

Melancholy 47
Separation 48
Love's Yesterday 49

Renderings.

Jules Laforgue: The Provençal Moon 53
Sappho: Cruelty for Kindness . . 55
Jovius Secundus: Kisses . . . 56
Catullus: Crux Amoris . . . 57
Meleager: To a Song-Maiden . . 58
Meleager: The Garland of Roses . 59
Folk-made: A Gascon *Vocero* . . 60
Stéphane Mallarmé: Sigh . . 61

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Chryseid, lean within the night and hear
This surging dream that strives for secrecy
And utterance unto thy midmost ear —
This dream, it may be, that I tell to thee.
Thou knowest I am wont to sit and brood
Upon our love: by night, when all is sleep,
I watch in solemn silent solitude,
And cast myself far out in ether's deep;
Where, winged, I soar aloft or poise or sink
Amid clouds of slumbering thoughts until I seem
To be upon the overlooking brink
Of other worlds — and this world is a dream;
While untold whisperings prophetic come,
And breathe of thee a star-lit symphony,
Thrill and still thrill me almost stricken dumb;
And inner voices chant and sing to me.

. . . . . .

Erewhiles upon the gasping Earth was thrown
The shadow-fallen darkness of the night,
A sad nocturnal mantle weirdly blown
By wafting waning zephyrs, drifting light
In drooping folds o'er open garden-places,
In heavy sable raiment on the trees;
And silently the moon floods silent spaces
With dreamy baths of unreal ecstasies.

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The few bright stars were glittering bells in
chime,
Just thinly tinkling in the heavenly zone
As murmurs of the wind from time to time
Stirred their pale polished cups to silvery tone:
The Earth, bewitched by music's light embrace,
Borne in its haunting influence along,
Had swooned in fancy of the thrilling grace
Of ghostly numbers breathed in stellar song:
And candent moonlight, sleeping fair and pure,
Wooed mortals to old blissful dreams anew,
Which fascinate with secret charming lure
And pierce the soul with yearning through and
through. . . .
A beam had fallen on the forest brook,
Near by I stood and calmly leaning o'er
Into its quiet depths I threw a look —
The water shone like a smooth and polished floor
Of burnished glass: it was a mirror fair
And shining cold, in which I saw a face
Not thine nor wholly mine; thy falling hair
Had over-webbed my face, a wreath of grace,
And blurred the picture like a golden cloud,
Or veil of silken filmy golden lace,
Which, floating on the limpid deeps, endowed
My lineaments with mystery and grace.

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Chryseid! lyre-like was the mirror strung,
Strung with thy hair, and thrilled with sweetest
note;
While to the vibrant tones a strange voice sung,—
As though perfume-sweet breath from an un-
known throat
Swept over me with love ineffable;
When lo! the waters of the stream became
Divinely lit, and thou wert visible
In silvered heraldry and palish flame!
Chryseid, thou! sweet spirit of soft grace!—
O Beauty speechless, wonderful, divine!—
Deigning to breathe upon my upheld face
The kiss of love which made thy sweetness mine.
And in my face, so softened in its lines,
Still peers the star-lit grace of that strange night,
As more for thee my soul in longing pines
As opes each day, as hastes its sunny flight,
As, with the earliest dream that love doth spin,
When slumber hushes me to perfect rest,
Summoned by this ecstasy my soul breathes in,
I fly, and am enfolded to thy breast.
Chryseid, sweet! thou art my only queen,
Thou art the blossom on the tree of Night
Hung silverly the topmost boughs between. . . .
O Love! . . . O whitest bloom! . . . O silver
light! . . .

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Rushes the wind in the forest like sounds of the night on the seas,
Immense — like great wings in the profluent swish of their moving
Over the terrible heights and the veteran tops of the trees
Driving black masses of cloud that are sullen and dragged disapproving;
Hoarse is its voice with anguish, majestic the chant of its pain —
A reverberate sorrowing roll from the first day's beginning —
For these are the wrongs of old worlds and the songs of them slain,
Sad-sudden as rain when the day dies to doom, and dies sinning:
From out the black depths not whisper not murmur but thunder
The prophetic grey-glooms of the pines toward the ages to be,
Somber as stricken mid-moon when night's solemn-breathed swell cuts asunder
The soul from itself, and no shore's last light lingers a-sea:
This menace sweeps on me as rain, as showering rain,

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Suffusing and drooping its mists to my inner-
most being;
And it threatens and blinds, pursuing as pity or
pain,
Till my hurt heart is pierced through the shutter-
less eyes of its seeing.
Though sleep hath its dreams this my fire dies
not to a smoulder,
New fuel-fed flame bursts out where the old flame
fell;
From the sleep I arise, from the dream I arise,
arise older,
But the taste of my life is embittered wherever I
dwell.
For shall life not soon pass and passing lay on
some altar
Its gift as shall we lay our gift and hence shall
depart?
Feeble our steps what time hands break apart; no
doubt we shall falter,
Though love is loved, life is lived, still a heart
leaves a heart:
A heart leaves a heart — O heart of my heart, is
that all?
What of these unwetted eyes and the passionate
promise to guard her?
What we wished, is all done? What *is* done,
will it live, will it fall?

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O to leave you is hard, but to be left of you, — ah! that is harder. . . .
These are but shadows, I know, the foreshadowing sobs of a shaken
Suspense-wearied pagan, whose night has no moon woven through;
If I sleep, I would that from sleep I never should waken,
Night is the only friend I have — night brings me you.
That old move, and the gesture of arm for a laughing embrace —
Only the never-known love and the looks without naming or number,
They have filled me, and flare in the dusk as I fall to your face,
Swift as an impulse falls, praying sleep and some dreams in the slumber.
The waters grown pallid of night stretch out pulseless and deadened,
The tide-swung thin tendrils unclasp as they sink under brine,—
When lo! out of East — is that motion? What of sky there is reddened;
The waves lean and listen. But if dawn shoots a light, it's not mine:
You and I strain our gaze on the darkness where old things have passed,

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Whence our life that was love has gone, our eyes
are turned thither;
It grows black! of its gods and its glories we are
the last
To know or to care: we, too, must pass on — but,
death, whither?
It is not much to have lived, it is more — O so
much! — to be living,
These mornings and sunsets mean more than their
promise a-sky:
Lo, it is dead, what is given; it is life that we
love we are giving,
Life that we love, that we give up to love, that it
live — you and I.

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LOTIS

O Lotis, would that I might sing thy bloom
  In vocables soft-footed as a rill,
Such as the dryads in deep evening gloom
  In heart-throbs hymn, each syllable a thrill,
Whenas they gather round a favourite stone,
  And some blow on the reed, some dance, some sing,
    With locks a-wild which warm *susurri* comb:
But melancholy now since thou art flown
  This burden moans and saddens on the wing,
    And droops anigh thy home, thy forest home.

The spokesman of thy beauty was the grace,
  The bud-enfolded flower of natural ease,
Flaring thy limbs to murmur in thy face
  When wildered by the chase and old love's pleas
Pressed hard, and charmed thee from thy woods apart;
  Thy dreams, then, all desire and quick delight,
    Shrinking but giving, and lo! an empty shrine!
Till, with intolerably weary heart,
  Thou prayed a pardon from thy human plight,
    Asked of the god oblivion, and it was thine.

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O for the peace about thy garden . . . . on
  The trees . . . . the quaint repose and quietness
Of ever-falling flowers . . . the yellowed sun
  That broods upon thy ghosthood, lustreless . . . .
To dream the way of one a-worshipping
  When lonesome star-shine swathes the silent steep,
And live no more a lived life's wandering
  Like some night-nomad from the tribe of sleep!
O for thy vast enchanted garden-place —
  The shadow, as thy dayless sun is old,
    That folds each branch and yearns upon the ground,
To live in hope and worship of thy face
  Until thou touch me with a wand of gold
    And smooth me soft away to peace profound.

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CARLOTTA

She stands in her grief alone. . . .
While a sadness, still, unknown,
Tears, tears at her heart, a throne
As empty as her own. . . .
Alone in her grief, alone.

She weathers her grief alone,
And her queenly strength is gone,
And the blithe heart once her own
Has heavy grown as stone. . . .
Alone in her grief, alone.

ISABELLA

O Keats, thou must have known sweet Isabel
  As, fading shadow-fast, her tearful eyes
Bled life to bay-roots creeping through the cell,
The bone-house where Lorenzo once did dwell.

Let doleful Melancholy throw a spell,
  And chant a dirge, O woful, wofully;
Sad — sadly toll a mournful mournful bell
For slim Lorenzo, loving Isabel.

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LOVE THE HIGHWAYMAN

When Fancy spinneth and when Love doth weave
O 'tis more than itching raiment! worn withal
To the sure tune of many Nessus-aches
And ills, though all are cured and sweetened by
The unforgetable knowledge of possession.
Love's fools, both old and young! is it not queer
And laughably droll, your lack of modesty?
But 'tis a rare good relish Love imparts!
Methinks the gods themselves must smile to mark
The lover's conscious pose of open pride,
The sudden happy grandeur of his carriage:
Till yesterday a youthful pilferer,
During to-morrow prisoned by his duty,
But this to-day — as free as aimless air,
And prouder than the topmost emperor —
The foremost boldest robber of them all.
Ay, robbery, — unpunished robbery — for
There is no more successful brigandage
Than this same theft called Love, nor commoner;
A brigandage whereby the bandit-chief
Carries his captive bride away — away —
Far into those impregnable Pyrenees,
Those rugged inaccessible fastnesses,
The trackless mapless mountains of the heart,
To there thereafter safely snugly dwell.

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DREAMS

You dreamt of happiness — from that you hope?
You scarce believe in what you hear and see,
Have faith in no man's promise, and distrust
Even that which you know is proved and true,
And yet, somehow, you think there's something in
An idle empty dream! O Life's a wag,
Indeed, and people simple to his joking.
Dreams? It were better not to suffer such
Suspense, and, sweet, dreams never do come true.
The power that comes while winding in our sleep
Awake we cannot summon up nor tell;
Though vivid are the fantasies when lightly
Their sharp and fleet shapes past us, crownéd, stream,
Yet open eyes and they are far and dim
To stir us slightly like the passive tale,
Sick-sad, poor-gay; or often raven-omened,
Stamping the augury of evils dire
Upon a wan and weary burdened brow. . . .
A bad bad night — a heavy bitter night.
But still — false as the echo is — sometimes
The heavens breathe a morning harmony,
The fresh air blows from off the hopeful hills,
And all our being yearns toward Love and Dawn,
Expectant-thrilling as we name the name
Athwart the flaming rose that crowns the East;
The while the blushful nymphs a-cloud restrain
The sun one laughing moment ere he bursts
Over the sightless deafened world.

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FOUNDATION

Our life is work the way we learned it,
Choked down or shirked, searched dull or glad, sought hard;
And wealth's the way we earned it,
Which must give, must retard.

Ah, youth held days too well remembered,
Too oft the past's regretted when long gone:
The year's too soon Septembered,
How Winter cometh on!

Youth was an hour to waste uncaring,
Delve deeper, finer, longer, where is not;
Whose mockery unsparing
Brings home to us our lot.

O what a time is now for longing
When, wished nor willed, yet beaten is the track!
The past had no belonging
Such as we want — and lack.

The world will on to what is coming,
These years but build up greater, stronger need;
Regret comes with the summing,
The cost of being freed.

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SONNETS

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SARGENT HALL

Boston Public Library

There is the whole long tale of discontent,
    The monumental epic of its race,
    In that one soul which on its praying face
Bears hard signs of the weary way it went,
Enslaved and toiling in discouragement,
    Yet in the darkest hour of deep disgrace,
    Yea, even when God had hidden for a space
His Light, through pitfalls seeking the ascent.

O modern soul! must you a second time
    Live out this epic of blind ways and strife,
And tread the worn path which old feet have trod,
When Precious Blood He gave who hung sublime
    To save and to redeem your inner life,
And make it one through life and death with God?

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SPRINGFIELD

How Tom and Holyoke guard us! there they stand —
  Tom gray with years, gray with long ages' power,
  But low stoops Holyoke, like a long blue shower;
While from between both flows the broad and bland
Connecticut, this highway of our land,
  All willow-edged below to laurel-flower
  Above, through fruit and flower-strewn fields grassed o'er —
Other grand scenes I know, but this is grand.

Springfield once tip-toed to the river bank,
  Leaning and looking where the water stills
(Her gayety, her knowledge, pride of rank,
  Beauty, I saw); she thrilled (I felt the thrills).
One moment only spared she for her prank,
  We crowned her on her own, her native hills.

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WESTPORT

The elms droop over houses white and green;
I let my worn self go, my senses play
To feel the quiet old-time breath and way
Fluctuant in the summer air serene;
And in its wide calm restfulness I lean,
Putting this modern world of ours away:
The solemn quaintness of an older day
With sweet austere release comes in between.

The years turn back to pardon and restore
The low and lost, the peaceful past once more,
And sickly lives and broken hearts make whole;
The yearning spirit bridging shore and shore
Seeks well through vasts of life and death one goal—
The final long deliverance of soul.

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LAKE CHAMPLAIN

O modest maid whose feet creep shyly through
  The valley of the purple-shadowed trance
  Of sleeping green-garbed mountains of romance
More fleet and silver than your wave-crests do!

O sweet nymph of that gown turquoisest blue
  That floods and folds you in your pretty dance,
  Somewhere your lover lingers for his chance;
Somewhere the mountain-wind is waiting you,

When you shall come to revel down the rocks
  And ripple with you over widths and bays,
Then on beyond to downs of quiet grass:

Sometimes you will not hear but shake your locks;
  Sometimes you weep; or laugh; sometimes both ways;
Mood follows mood — but all your moods surpass.

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MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

The haunted wood lay in the spell of dreams
  Under the *naïve* moon's pale changing light,
  And music all the limpid summer night
Beat gently in the air its rhythmic streams,
While sprites who flitted in the breathless beams
  Sung fairy-land's low numbers in their flight.
  That night said Helen, if I heard aright,
In words anent the vexingmost of themes:
"Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind."
  Indeed! sweet comfort for your stricken eyes,
O Love, Reason will help your way to find;
  When such advantage at your service lies,
  The sight of one so shrewd and sure and wise —
Refuse it! Are you mad as well as blind?

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THE BOOK OF LIVING LOVE

Within this book are tales of wondrous weaves
Wherein quick lovers of the precious past
Romance, dance, sing, with hearts that throb too
fast
Old ballads of Italian loves and eves,
Beneath whose moon trip they in tragic play,
Heart up to heart creep, weep, then pass away;
The while from lips that float on mine like leaves
Afloat in sympathy and poesy
I gather love as now no man conceives;
And when those twinkling stars do light the page,
And when that golden other slavery
Binds these held hands I would not disengage—
Read on, my fair, to find my future where
A loving answer greets each living prayer.

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YOUR VOICE

I long to see you smile and hear you speak
  One simple loving word that once I heard,
Broken in voice and pitiful and weak,
  Which, though it seemed as from some singing
    bird,
Was yet too sad for utterance quite whole
  And pierced by its own sobbing *rhythmus* died
Before tears fell to mark the grievous goal —
  Love's tears of loss you would but could not hide.
I long to hear those accents low and light,
  The voice which wanders through my heart of
    days
And yearns upon my soul in depths of night,
  Stealing afar to kiss a thousand ways;
Ah, sweet! the breath of music in your tone
  When you are calling heartwards—O mine own!

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PARALLELS

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PARALLELS

These verses which you bring are new, you say;
  Ah no, they're not; they have another name:
To-morrow's dressed not quite like Yesterday
  But otherwise is very much the same:

For surely they come down from older times;
  They have been done — and overdone — before:
Who does not know the sweet recurrent rhymes?
  Who has not heard their music once or more?

Yes, Sweet-Sweet, all your tender themes are old —
  Were old, that is when first their dreams were sung —
They are the same fond things that have been told
  To Beauty's laughing lips since Love was young.

What matter? Is my interest, then, less
  Because remembered music strikes my ear?
Ah no, I love the stroke of each caress
  So much the more because already dear.

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ON A FINE DAY

Come, little friend,
Let us wander far,
Out of sight and out of sound
Both temple and bazaar;

Where may not be
Aught but sun and shine,
Casting shade on hade and glade,
All fragrant of the pine:

Song shall it wreathe
High and low my trees,
Over swale and over vale,
And in and out the breeze:

Peace shall be ours,
Joy not known before,
Till the day shall fade away
And send us back once more.

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ON THAT DAY

O Love it was who touched the strings,
From the very heart of things
Drawing one undying chord,
Our reward,
That day.

We knew not Love was in our view,
Nor knew Love when Love withdrew,
Winging soft off as a bird,
With no word
To say.

But now we know that he was here,
For he left a smile, a tear,
To be grown as chance occurred,
Our reward,
That day.

What life shall be is ours to say,
Longer when Love may not stay
Wings he soft off as a bird,
With no word
To say.

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TRIOLETS

I

Far on an island in the sea
  Where sleep-soft scented winds are blowing,
We live and love alone — just we,
Far on an island in the sea —
And none may hear, and none may see,
  And none may know what we are knowing,
Far on an island in the sea,
  Where sleep-soft scented winds are blowing.

II

Sovereign star and mistress mine,
  Queen, woman, rose-flower and my own!
But praise is poor; I am not digne,
Sovereign star and mistress mine,
Aught more to say than I am thine,
  All wholly only thine alone,
Sovereign star and mistress mine,
  Queen, woman, rose-flower and my own.

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IN THE DIMNESS

Over and over the word, just the word and its answer,
Told in the bountiful silence and dimness, and flaming
Quick in renewals as fire-fleet feet of the dancer:
Only the word, just the word; and the music of naming
Names that are dear, and the joy of a love that is dearer
Flying as song to the heart, to the heart of each hearer.

SWEETHEART

Little all in all to me,
I have called you dearest, best,
What name nearer can there be
When I hold you to my breast —
Sweetheart?

I will kiss you when I say it,
You will kiss me when you know,
Love comes keenest when I lay it
On the living lips — just so,
Sweetheart.

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WHILE LOVE IS HERE

So you love me, child?
Don't
You know my
Heart's a wild?
Won't
The loneliness oppress you, child?
Why then silent, dear?
O
'Tis sweet I
Know
While Love is here.
And
The soft sigh
Means no fear,
And
The bright eye
Holds no tear,
No,
Nor loneliness oppress you, dear?
O
'Tis sweet I
Know
While Love is here.

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SERENADE

Soft the notes of trembling lyre,
Softer Love now shakes out higher
Softest words that burn as fire—
  Love-words, O my Heart's Desire.

Sweet and fleet songs low and light;
Sweeter, fleeter — summer night;
Sweetest, fleetest in their flight —
  Kisses, O my Heart's Delight.

Golden is the glint and flare
Old and deep within thine hair,
Twine me till I nestle where
  Heart hears Heart, my Heart's own Fair.

O I love thee as thou art!
And I dream we shall not part
But shall sleep — when shadows dart —
  Heart to Heart and Heart to Heart.

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SONG

O I love thee, love thee, darling,
When the moon arises, dreaming,
Through the night above me, darling,
And the stars are bright and gleaming,
And the world is faint and seeming,
O I love thee, love thee, darling.

O I love thee, love thee, darling,
And my love is yearning, longing,
For thy face above me, darling,
For thy lips, my sweet belonging,
For the words that come a-thronging,
O I love thee, love thee, darling.

A TOAST

Here's to the one each loves the best
When songs and sighs are through,
That eager wishes in each breast
May all come true;
And for the rest that there be zest
Whatever that we do.

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THE LAKE

Day

O the waves glisten and gleam,
And bathe the sun in their bosoms;
And the lily-folk seem to laugh at the beam
Which the sun hands down toward their blossoms.

Night

The trees hang over the shore,
And wave over there in the dimness;
And the reeds bend o'er to whisper the lore
Of their kith and their kin and their sadness.

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SONG OF THE LAKE

On the margins of the lake
  The waters play a rhythmic song,
  Murmuring ceaselessly along
  The sands that fall as sounding keys,
  Loud or low as blows the breeze;
When the light waves roll and break,
Hear the songs their movements make!

Sunny shimmers skim the lake,
  Where insects hum and dragon-flies
  Dart in gauzy exercise,
  And, silver motes within the beam,
  Countless millions swish and gleam,
Tumbling, snow-like, flake on flake,
Songs to sing about the lake.

Late the sun is on the lake:
  The lilies take their daytime nap
  Fanned asleep by pads that flap;
  And frogs the drowsy watches keep,
  Dropping All's Wells bass and deep,
While the reeds above them quake:
Hear the chorus of the lake!

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MOONLIGHT

Soft are the hands that have come to dwell on my face — like two dreams —
Soft and as light and as white as the moonlight that swooningly soothing
Caresses the earth with its magical light, as it streams
On the unstirred grass of the garden with rhythmical smoothing;
And they ceaselessly pass and repass with no sound nor word spoken,
Like twin ghosts pale and fair that beckon me on as they creep,
As they peacefully gracefully float in the silence unbroken,
Gracefully follow and float — till I drowse . . . . till I drowse . . . . till I sleep.

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LONGING

So late! So late! and you so far
The music dear of yonder star
Dies where you are:

Ah, once agone the moon poured clear
Dripping white light on night's blue sphere,
And you were here;

You *were* here, dear, I held you tight
Against this bosom through the night,
I held you tight.

Too soon the moon the sky has flown —
I cannot bear to be alone.
O come, my own!

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MELANCHOLY

The soft rain falls about the town
In mists that sob and thrill and creep;
And on the trees the leaves hang down
Like long-lashed lids on eyes that weep:

Beyond, the rows of street-lamps blink
With halos where they dimly loom,
Whereunder draggled shadows shrink,
Then disappear within the gloom.

And as the drizzling mists of night
Fall drearily in endless rain,
The melancholy put to flight
Returns again with deeper pain,

Returns again in deep chagrin,
A musing mist of bitter smart,
Which will not lift, but settles in
Sorrow and sadness of the heart.

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SEPARATION

Over the sad sea the stillness,
  Over the land-rims the night;
Deep in mine heart here mine illness:
  Only to see thee —
  Would that I might!

Day-long and night-long I hunger
  Only for one, one delight,
You as I knew you when younger:
  O but to see thee —
  Would that I might!

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LOVE'S YESTERDAY

O love, my love,
  So long it seems
Since we pledged lip to lip that word
Which you or I had hardly heard
  When there came dreams,

Dreams of an hour —
  So long it seems —
Your heart met mine in one great rush
And your fair face was all aflush
  From bolder dreams.

Love-dreams! Life-Dreams!
  So long it seems —
O for long life of loving you!
But life has more than love to do,
  Life knows no dreams.

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RENDERINGS

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JULES LAFORGUE

The Provençal Moon

Ah, the bonny bold full Moon,
Full of fortune, big with boon! . . .

Distant trumpets sound "Lights Out";
One lone passer walks without;

Spinet-music over there;
And a cat runs through the square:

Man and land in sleep repose.
Now the player also goes,

Softly shutting her window down.
Ah me! how late is it grown? . . .

Quiet Moon, what banishment —
Always in the firmament!

Moon, O dilettant white Moon,
Wandering with silver shoon

To Missouri; here and there;
To the gates of Paris; where

Norway's fiords loom indigo;
Poles and seas: we little know.

Happy Moon! for thou wilt see
All the glittering bravery

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In possession of the stars
On their way to Scotland's scaurs.

(What a snare it all would be,
If North froze thee, hearing me!)

Moon, abandoned vagabond,
Peace-disturber, passion-fond!

Night so opulent that I,
Province-smitten, nearly die!

But the old Moon will not hear—
She has cotton in each ear!

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SAPPHO

Cruelty for Kindness

You have hurt me worse than the wound of knowing
Trust betrayed and mankind most false, in showing
Kindness wasted I have been long bestowing —
How could you do it?

Only you could hurt me and be unshaken,
You of all I loved the best, who have taken
All I had — you leave me for life forsaken,
How could you do it?

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JOVIUS SECUNDUS

Kisses

Let there rain upon us kisses,
Hundreds, thousands of these blisses,
Thousands falling on thy face —
Thousands none can e'er replace —
  Swifter than the wind of sea,
  More than stars in heaven be,
While thy purple eyes are gleaming,
While thy lips are on me dreaming,
Till the kisses, overflowing,
Quench the love so warmly glowing,
  Kiss, O kiss me, ecstasy!

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CATULLUS

Crux Amoris

I give you my all, my inmost treasure-store,
My hungry hateful love once more, once more:
I love you as only hate can love — blank blind
Unreasoning distemper of the mind;
I hate you as only passionate love can hate —
Malevolently, lovingly and late:
I hate you and I love, — I know not why;
I only know how love can crucify.

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MELEAGER

To a Song-Maiden

From your young throat
  There falls a strain
  Like silver rain —
From your young throat:

No other note
  But Pan's so sweet,
  And none so fleet —
No other note.

Where shall I turn
  My breath to call?
How not to yearn?

  From music's fall,
  Your grace — or all,
I burn, I burn.

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MELEAGER

The Garland of Roses

Thou hast a wreath around thy head
Of roses sweet and red:
Above thy delicate brow they lie
Too soon to droop and die,

Green leaves to wither, blooms to fail,
And loveliness to go:
I would it were not so!
But though the blooms fall cold and pale,

And die upon the brow beneath,
They live within the tomb;
For thou art of the wreath a wreath,
And of the roses bloom.

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FOLK-MADE

A GASCON *Vocero*

My child! My dear!
O!
You will be lonely here
In the cemetery
The whole night long:
And I
Shall choke with many a tear,
And the lone house bury
My cry —
The whole night long:
O!
My child! My dear!

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STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ

Sigh

My soul up to thy face, where dream, calm child,
The freckles of an autumn windy-wild,
Up to thy heavenly changeful angel eyes
Lifts, as in moody gardens might uprise
A white fond fountain with an upward sigh!
— To blue sky, pale and pure October sky,
Reflecting languors long in its great deep,
While leaves in tawny gasps — the pool asleep —
Are coldly driven of the wind aside,
Just where the the yellow sun's last ray has died.

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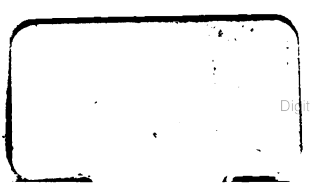
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